

DOUBLE PAGE.



EVENING WORLD'S

The Evening World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 54 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42, NO. 14,841

QUICK WORK.

Although more than seven weeks have elapsed since the murder of McAuliffe without a single effort being made on the part of the police to solve the mystery of his death, their inaction is not the result of constitutional inability to act quickly on occasion.

The World yesterday morning printed the portrait of Aaron Cohen, who made affidavit that he had seen the helpless McAuliffe put into the back of the West Forty-seventh street station by two policemen in plain clothes. At 10:30 A. M. of the day on which his portrait appeared he was accosted in the street by a stranger who he has every reason to believe is a policeman in plain clothes, who "advised" him not to "interfere in this matter" as he was "likely to get himself into trouble."

What a striking contrast between this promptness in warning an objectionable witness and the inaction which has allowed the murderer to pass unnoticed for nearly two months.

ON COMMON GROUND.—Hartford's new Mayor, who is a representative workingman, and the late Cecil Rhodes, who was a representative capitalist, agree in the opinion that no man should be allowed to be a boaster.

A COMING REVOLUTION.

Nothing less than a complete revolution in municipal methods is proposed in the declaration put forth by the Board of Estimate that hereafter all city employees shall be expected to earn their salaries by eight hours of good hard work a day. From time immemorial municipal government has been the one department of political life in which public office was recognized as a private snap a haven of rest in the intervals of hard work in ward politics. As for earning the salary, that was done before the office was secured.

The new rule will work great hardship to large numbers of estimable city officials whose health unfit them for work, and it will come especially hard to them to be shut up in a city office just at the beginning of the baseball season. But, while their case will naturally attract a great deal of sympathy, it is not believed that any of them will take the desperate step of resigning.

What a strange spectacle it will be to see the city's employees working for their salaries like ordinary mortals!

The Dear Old Flag. It is safe to say that the San Francisco navy contractors who are keeping a modest profit of 100 per cent on furnishing and fitting out our transport service are enthusiastic defenders of expansion and imperialism.

THE DAILY NEWS BUDGET.

If evidence is wanted that there are other violations of law besides Sunday saloon opening which require the attention of the authorities a glance at the news headlines of the daily papers will furnish it.

This morning's papers, for instance, tell of the raiding of a notorious policy shop at No. 3 Roosevelt street by county detectives, of another policy shop raided at No. 17 Essex street, of the discovery of a green goods and counterfeiting headquarters in Brooklyn, and of another discovery of a brokerage for the sale of arms on the police force.

In New York, which is now the busiest city in the world, there is always plenty of work for the police to attend to in the suppression of vice, crime and all forms of evil, and never more than at the present time.

A Left-Handed Compliment. Many of the eulogiums on the bequests of Cecil Rhodes indicate that the great Englishman is much more valuable to the world dead than living.

MORE THAN THEIR SHARE OF WIVES.

Mr. Walter Raymond is the latest of a long line of gentlemen whose acquirement of more than one wife has recently necessitated their appearance in court to explain. Two handsome ladies told Judge Kellogg in Yonkers yesterday that they were Walter's matrimonial partners, and asked for a dissolution of partnership, with the customary accounting and distribution of assets. Raymond was held in \$2,000 bail for the Grand Jury.

The point of present interest in Raymond's predicament is that it is one of many similar cases occurring at a time when matrimony is theoretically held in disrepute. The possession of even one wife, if we are to believe all that is said, is not to be desired, yet so many men go on taking two or more. An Indianian the other day was shown to have had nearly a score, yet there are clubs in Montclair and other Jersey cities whose members are sworn to perpetual bachelorhood. There are Orders of Avowed Spinsterhood without number, and every woman's club has its speaker whose specialty is the advocacy of single blessedness. But, though they inveigh against it, marriage goes on, the only apparent difference being that some men get more than their share of wives. It's very mysterious, as Mr. Weller would say.

A PLOT TO BANISH TAILORS.

The system of dress reform advocated by Dr. Sarah K. Hackett, of Chicago, has the merit of simplicity, at least. A blanket in winter, after the fashion of the noble red men, and in summer purity naturalism, relieved, if you live in Boston, by a pair of eyeglasses. Dr. Sarah finds that we are growing too civilized and that our clothes are the worst expression of our too artificial state of civilization. "They are largely the cause of disease," she says. "The body demanding the natural stimulants of sun, wind and rain." It is due to this same sartorial influence, says the doctor, that the hair is disappearing from men's heads, their eyebrows and eyelashes going and the nose losing its functions. The hair on feminine heads, it is to be observed, is not subject to this deteriorating influence because—well, woman's clothes are different.

It is to be feared that Dr. Sarah is plotting to banish the tailor from society, whom Carlyle thought one of its greatest ornaments. The conditions she favors are to be found in South Sea Island, "where there ain't no ten commandments" and where men sometimes feel like planting themselves. But they never go, unless they are peots or pirates.

At the next world's fair, which is only a year away, Dr. Sarah might furnish a midway exhibit of her dress reform ideas. A bench show of blanket-wrapped Chinese would be worth the price of admission.

A small part of it has asphalt walks,

The Funny Side of Life.

JOOKS OF OUR OWN

ADVICE.

He was such a silly fellow that whatever we might do, or wherever we were going, it was always "After you." Then he borrowed my umbrella. And a ter—A wandering wh—led him next to trap the country. And now I am "After him."

THE ONLY MEANS.

"What an invincible thing a cables is!" Yes, indeed. It's the only means we have of knowing Spring is really here.

FORGIVING MAN.

You bought the scores of half a dozen of my old operas and you've never paid me a cent for them?" "Oh, I'm too kind-hearted to pay off my scores!"

THE POWER.

"Methinks the force was thrown back on the main arm." And that army became the Power he and the Thirteenth, I suppose.

DOSE AND ANTIDOTE.

"I want you to marry him, my child. He's very rich, even if he is his father's son." "But, mamma, I'm in my antidote."

OLD PROVERB.

"If you set one of those seat grabbers free inside of the L. & N. train gates, he tries to monopolize the whole car!" "Give him an inch and he'll take an acre."

ONE STEP FURTHER.

"You always call a spade a spade?" "I wouldn't mind that so much if he didn't also refer to it as a shovel."

ONE COMPENSATION.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." "Maybe not. But it gets lots of pollen."

A WISE SPECULATION.

"Why are you putting your feet into New Jersey real estate?" "A few more dry Sundays and about 6,000,000 people will be moving over there."

THE DRY SUNDAY.

"Reforms strike New York in waves." "From the dryness of the latest one they must be waves of dust."

SOMEBOODIES.

BRYAN, W. J., has named his new country home "Fairview." DENNISON, MAUD—of Chicago, is said to be the only woman harnessmaker in the United States. She is twenty-eight and has worked at the trade four years.

DOLLY JAMES—the oldest living English actress—celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday.

EIGENMANN, PROF. C. H., has collected the specimens of blind fishes.

GOTTFRIED, PROF.—will, with Prof. A. V. W. Jackson, represent Columbia University at the Thirteenth Congress of Orientalists next September.

MORRIS, MRS.—ENTHED the first woman Justice of the Peace in this country, has just died at Cheyenne.

SPICER-SIMPSON, MRS.—the famous painter of miniatures, has come here to paint the portraits of several New York society women.

TIMBY, THEODORE R.—why is now performing Congress for a pension is said to have invented the revolving target used on the Monitor in the Monitor-Merrimac fight.

WOOD, STEPHEN.—LEONARD will receive a long leave of absence soon after the wedding of his wife, and will go to Europe with his family.

ZOLA, EMILE—was the only elderly attendant at the recent celebration of the Pantheon, undertaken by a single older citizen or star.

WOMAN AND MAN.

Between the dusk of a summer night And the dawn of a summer day We caught at a mood as it passed in flight.

And we made it stop and stay. And what with the dawn of night began.

With the dusk of day was done For that is the way of woman and man.

When a hazard has made them one Again from shade to shine.

The world is thundering free. And what was his errant but hers and mine?

The lords of him, I and she! Oh, to die we must, but it's life we can.

And the marvel of earth and sun Is for the love of woman and man. And the longing that makes them one.

—W. E. Henley.

More Bridges.

The Editor of The Evening World does not see why there are not half a dozen bridges across each of our two big rivers and another one to Staten Island, via Governor's Island, in London, Paris, have many bridges, and so does the Parisian bridge company. Must we take a double seat and confess their superiority?

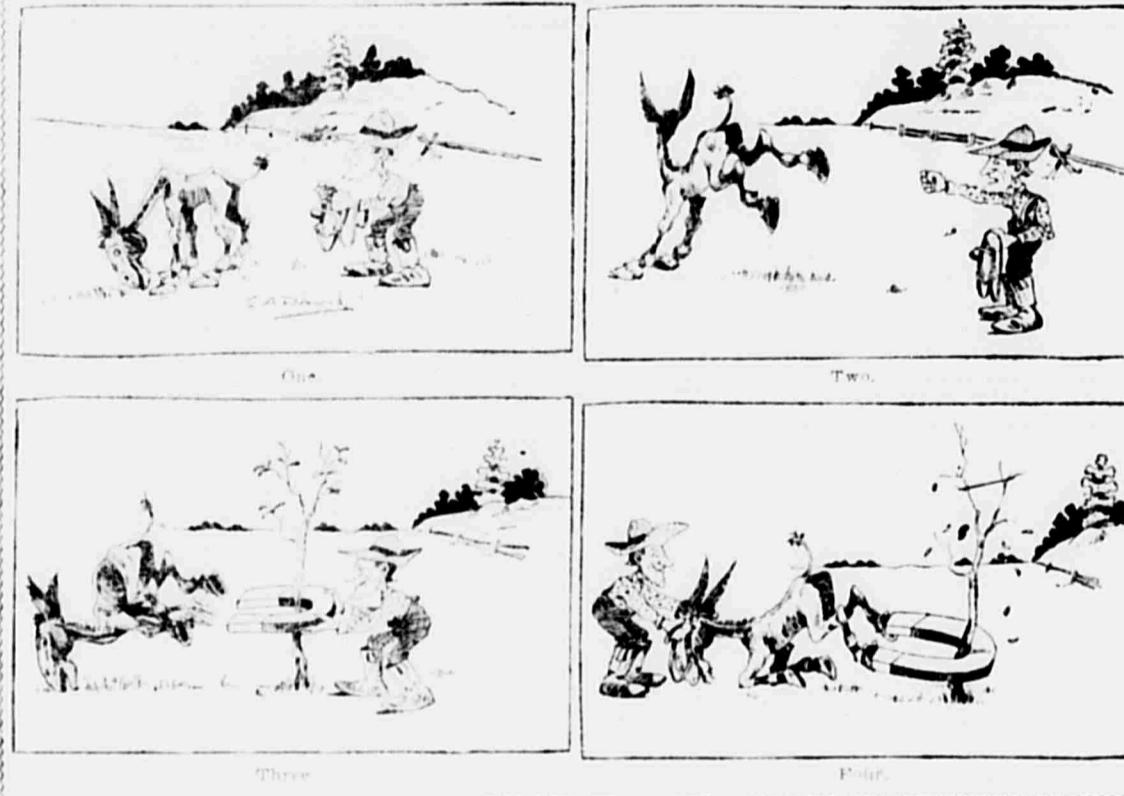
A Neglected Park.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There is a park bounded by Columbus and Eighth avenues, Eighty-first street and the north side of the Natural History Museum. At least I suppose they call it a park. But if so, it's the rankest, most neglected park I ever saw.

A small part of it has asphalt walks,

CATCHING A MULE SCIENTIFICALLY.



BORROWED JOKES.

SACRIFICE.

Penny Ante—The Blue Chip Club has been observing Lent. Without Limit—but that is a drapery club, not a religious organization.

Penny Ante—I understand that, but it has been observing Lent. It reduced the time in its games from \$2.50 to \$2 and changed the value of white chips from a dime to five cents.—Indianapolis News.

BOSTON WIT.

Employer—How does it happen that you are so late, Mr. Mifflin? Salesman—The train on the Bissellite Railroad was late, sir.

Employer—But you don't live on that line.

Salesman—Not but if I did I should have been a good deal later.—Boston Transcript.

SAME AS USUAL.

"What's yours, Hank?" asked the bartender of the Red Eye saloon in Bucket-of-Gold gulch.

"Same as usual," replied Horrible Hank, "that is to say, whiskey straight, with a dash of sulphuric acid and a dish of cracked glass on the side," replied Horrible Hank.—Boston Post.

POOR CHOICE.

Tenderfoot (shyly)—I don't like the looks of the hotel. Is that the only place I can put up?" Proprietor (significantly)—Yea—a-a-uh, unless you prefer the graveyard over the hill.—Indianapolis News.

WHAT THEY WANTED.

"You see," explained the delegation that was extending a "call" to a distinguished clergyman, "we have had many ministers who gave satisfaction in the pulpit, but somehow the church hasn't been reduced."

"Ah," replied the distinguished divine, "I quite understand. You are looking for a business manager under another name."—Chicago Post.

QUALIFIED.

Tester—I believe Spinner will make a brilliant chauffeur some day.

Tester—Yes, he almost ran over a child last week.—Ohio State Journal.

SEVERE OPERATION.

Stout Doctor—Doctor, what will remove this double chin mine?

Old Fashioned Doctor (after a brief inspection)—Nothing but a guillotine will ever do that, madam.—Chicago Tribune.

FOOTLIGHTS.

Julia Marlowe is now giving her last performances of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." A few weeks in and around New York and then she will say good-bye to one of the most delightful characterizations she has ever given us. Miss Marlowe is going abroad at the end of her season for two or three months, but comes back in August to begin rehearsals of her new play, "La Reine de Flammes," by Catulle Mendes.

Henry Dixey seems to have started us considerably of late. It did appear as though Dixey never meant to let "Amelia" rest in peace, and not long ago we heard of a possible revival of the old favorite, and rumors of an arranged meeting of the genial entertainer had descended who was willing to back the venture to the limit. If Amelia Flammes has induced Dixey to give up "Amelia" and forget it, she deserves thanks.

Dixey is a clever actor when he gets down to business, and in his part in "The Modern Magician" he was excellent, tremulously. If he will consent to get into the line and join the march of progress, which is onward, like the interminable tread of a donkey toward a peak of oats, he will be all right. All Dixey needs is some one to buttonhole him and keep him abreast of the times.

Paul Arthur is still holding his own in London as a matinee idol. It is not something like five years, I believe, since the festive Paul sailed away from these shores to try his fortunes in England. Mr. Arthur was lucky from the start, and succeeded in getting excellent engagements and in making good all along the line. He was always a jolly good fellow, and his old friends are glad to hear of his continued prosperity, though they would be still more heartily glad to welcome him back to his native land.

JANE GORDON.

Will you please inform me of a cure for pimples which come to a white head when ripe and when squeezed leave a black mark? I have tried several things, but nothing seems to do any good.

Mrs. L. C. J.

Try this lotion for the pimples: Carbolic acid, fifteen drops; borax, sixty grains; glycerine, four fluid drams; tannin, thirty grains; alcohol, one fluid ounce; rose water, two and one-half fluid ounces. Mix and dissolve—apply night and morning.

To Darken the Eyebrows.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Will you please inform me how I can have brown spots removed from my eyelids?

Mrs. R. P.

Do not attempt to remedy this blemish yourself. Only a skilful surgeon is competent to perform the operation required to remove the spots. It is not a dangerous or difficult operation, and should be comparatively painless and inexpensive.

Get the Right Training.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a married lady with two children, and as my husband is not earning a large salary I am very anxious to learn hairdressing and manicuring to help him along. Would you kindly let me know your opinion about it?

M. C.

If you wish to learn hairdressing you should go to a first-class hairdresser and he taught carefully.

It is impossible to teach manicuring and hairdressing in a few days or weeks. Experience and practice alone will make an accomplished or competent manicure or hairdresser, and it is only fair, if you are going to start out to earn your living that you should give competent service for the money you get.

The general distrust in manicures and hairdressers has done a great deal of harm to many worthy and efficient women.

It has been created because so many incompetent persons are known to dress hair and treat fingernails, when they really know nothing about either calling.

An Excellent Pimple Lotion.

Will you please inform me of a cure for pimples which come to a white head when ripe and when squeezed leave a black mark?

MARY.

This is the formula for eyebrows I think you wish.

It will darken them gradually and encourage the growth; Red vaseline, two ounces; tincture cantharides, one-eighth ounce; oil of lavender, oil of rosemary, fifteen drops each.